Satyr

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Satyr

by sourweather

Summary

Will's anxiety suddenly spikes during sex and Hannibal takes care of him.

Notes

idk i just want han to hold me

Will's not sure what makes it happen.

If there's a trigger of some sort— if Hannibal says or does something in particular that sets him off— then Will can't pinpoint it. He's trying to, even. Sifting through the last fifteen minutes like he dropped a contact lens in the desert, frantic and fragmented where he floats in their bed.

Hannibal is kneeling behind him, pounding him for all he's worth. That's normal. It's hard and deep and savage, like Will brings out the absolute worst in him. That's also normal. Hell, it's good, even. It's usually so, so good when Hannibal takes him like this.

His thighs and ass are lined with raised, tender marks from being struck again and again. His arms are bound behind his back, robbing him of any leverage. There's a black silk blindfold over his eyes, leaving him in the dark. Hannibal has Will's face pressed hard to the pillows, crushed by his nape into a painful, pretty arch. It's hard to breathe but it isn't worse than anything they've done before. Not by miles.

So why is he crying?

Why, why are there tears wetting the blindfold and streaming down his face? He's cried during sex before, but those were tears of pleasure, of being so overwhelmed and undone that he had no choice but to cry.

These tears aren't like that.

Hannibal keeps driving into him. Forceful. *Cruel*. And a piece of Will is still lucid enough to know that he's being cruel because Will *likes* him that way. That Hannibal is being cruel to him out of love, like always.

That piece of him feels like it's floating out of reach, more and more with every passing second. He's clinging to it, clinging to that knowledge, that *certainty*, that Hannibal doesn't do any of this out of contempt. He wants Will to suffer, yes, but because Hannibal is of the opinion that he 'suffers beautifully'. He says so often. It isn't because Hannibal is actually upset with him. He doesn't actually hate Will.

Why is it so far away? It's never felt so far away before.

Hannibal snarls, abusing Will's already overworked prostate. Will has already come twice during this session, once by Hannibal's hands and once by his cock. Both times, Hannibal berated him. Called him disobedient, called him over-eager, called him a slut.

"Fuck," Hannibal groans, roughly groping Will's sore ass and making him whimper. There's a sob perched in his throat, one that he refuses to let out. "You take my cock so well, Will. Such an easy little whore."

Will bites his tongue. He usually *loves* it when Hannibal talks like this. He's frustrated that it feels so awful, in this moment, when it normally feels wonderful. Frustrated that he doesn't even know *why* he isn't enjoying it. More than anything, he's angry with himself for being

so upset. A second voice insulting him, to join Hannibal's. He feels himself tipping headfirst into a spiral of shame and self-hatred.

Hannibal releases his nape to grab a fistful of Will's sweaty curls, yanking him upwards. Will cries out weakly, feeling somehow both unbearably present and also miles away.

"Tell me how it feels, Will."

Will takes breath after shaky, shallow breath. He feels very near a panic attack. Hannibal slams into Will brutally, demanding.

"Tell me."

"S...satyr..."

It's barely a whisper. Hannibal stills.

"What was that?"

He swallows. "S-Satyr," he says, louder. "Satyr, Satyr, Satyr!"

He can't seem to stop himself once he starts, tears bubbling over and his voice wavering. There was never any need to repeat himself— Hannibal switched gears the moment Will said it, but he can't stop begging, crying his safeword and waiting for the Earth to return beneath him.

Hannibal has already pulled out, gingerly lowered him back to the bed, and cut Will's bindings with a blade on the nightstand by the time he realizes that Hannibal is calling his name.

"Will?" so gently that it hurts. "Will, darling, it's alright."

He's spiraling. He can't stop his lips from quivering. His hands are shaking. Somewhere in the lonely, sane corner of his mind, he registers that Hannibal sounds incredibly concerned. Frightened. Hannibal's hands flip his tense body, strong palms immediately smoothing back his curls and cupping his face.

"It's alright, my love, it's over. It's over. You're safe."

Safe. Will is safe. Why doesn't he feel safe?

"I'm going to take your blindfold off now," he warns, and a moment later Will is blinking in the low light of their bedroom. He stares up at Hannibal, eyes wet and red, and Hannibal wipes his tears away with gentle swipes of his thumbs.

"Are you okay?" Hannibal whispers, and Will is only present enough to put together that Hannibal is sad, but he can't pinpoint why. His mind supplies that Hannibal must be disappointed in him, for safewording.

Will can't seem to find his voice. He stares back, biting his lip to keep it from trembling.

Hannibal swallows hard, hands still cupping Will's face like he can hold Will to the ground.

"That question may have been vague," he concedes. "Physically— let's start there. Did I injure you?"

He hurts all over, but not worse than usual. He shakes his head. Hannibal takes a slow breath. "Good. I'm relieved to hear that. It's an emotional issue, then?"

Will nods, near frantically.

Hannibal leans close, kisses Will's forehead. "Would you like to be held, my darling?" he whispers. Another emphatic nod. He wants that. God, he *needs* that.

Hannibal takes him into his arms immediately, evidently not caring that Will is filthy and shivering. Will buries his hot, tear-stained face in Hannibal's shoulder, trying like hell to steady his breathing.

Hannibal shushes him gently, reaching up to pet his hair. "That's it. You're going to be alright, love. You did so well tonight. I'm so very proud of you, Will."

Will sighs, caught between bliss and frustration. On one hand, the praise feels incredible on his frayed nerves.

On the other hand,

Will shakes his head, then weakly whispers. "I-I don't know what happened. Everything was okay, a-and then it just wasn't. I'm sorry."

Hannibal shushes him again at that. "Don't apologize. Our mutual pleasure and safety is the most important thing to me. Honest use of safwords ensures that safety. So yes, I am proud of you for using it."

"...I've never needed to use it, before," Will all but pouts, frowning at Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal seems to consider that. "Have you ever had a Subdrop before, Will?"

Will shakes his head. "I feel I just got thrown down a mountain," he says bitterly. Hannibal begins to massage Will's wrists, one after the other.

"It sounds to me that you've just experienced it," Hannibal tells him gently, no judgement to be found. "It's normal. Most Submissives will have an unpleasant run-in with it at one point or another."

Will tries to internalize that. It's normal. It happens. Will hasn't done anything wrong. Hannibal loves him. It's okay.

Hannibal kisses his forehead once more, holding him close.

"We will discuss what might have caused it tonight, and how to prevent it in the future. Later. For now, I care more about helping you settle. Are you hungry?"

Will shakes his head, but the familiarity of Hannibal wanting to feed him manages to make him smile.

"Thirsty?"

He starts to shake his head again, then pauses and nods instead. Hannibal smiles lovingly at him, like he just proposed instead of ending sex prematurely. He slowly disentangles himself from Will, giving him a chance to cling or protest. Will definitely considers it.

"I'll fetch you a cool drink, then, and something to clean you off. After that, we can do whatever you think might help."

Will thinks it over while Hannibal gathers what he needs. God, he still feels so embarrassed. He *knows* that Hannibal loves him. Madly, even. He has no excuse for being so upset. He tries to avoid working himself up over it again, but he's swirling by the time the other man returns.

Hannibal cleans the dried cum, lube, and sweat from his body, and Will sips his water as Hannibal watches him expectantly.

"You're still feeling guilty," Hannibal infers, and Will sighs but doesn't argue.

"May I ask why?"

He takes one last sip and sets the water aside, his tired body melting into the bed. "...I don't want you to be disappointed in me, for reacting like that."

"Disappointed?" Hannibal echoes. "Darling, I could never be disappointed in you. I love you."

And the sob that’s been waiting in the wings finally makes an appearance.

Hannibal is holding him tightly in an instant, nearly smothering him with desperate affection. Will can taste his worry in the air. It doesn't suit him at all.

"I'm sorry," he tries. "I'm sorry. I know that you love me, I do, I just- say it again. Please."

Hannibal runs a palm down the length of Wills back, steady and firm. "I love you, Will."

Will breathes out a shaky sigh, letting himself be comforted. Hannibal bathes him in praise and affection for long minutes, telling Will that he loves him a dozen times in a dozen ways.

Eventually, Will begins to feel sleepy.

"I know what I want to do," he mumbles.

"And what is that, love?"

Will smiles to himself. "Grab a book and the blanket. I want you to read me to sleep." He glances up at Hannibal through his lashes, still fragile and a little unsure. "If that's okay?"

Hannibal smiles back, ducks his head to peck Will's lips, and rises from the bed to do as he's been asked. "Anything for you," Hannibal says, and the part of Will that trusts him wholeheartedly is back. Inside of Will's skin, where he belongs.

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